It Will Come Back

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/18722143.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Abigail Hobbs, Mischa Lecter
Additional Tags:	alternative universe, AU, ghost - Freeform, Explicit Sexual Content, Sexual Content, Frottage
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-05-05 Completed: 2019-07-11 Words: 14,337 Chapters: 10/10

It Will Come Back

by orphan_account

Summary

Will can see ghosts. He's never told anybody, so what happens when somebody finally finds out?

Notes

Find me on twitter @grantairess

also, a big thank you to anybody who read this fic. It was the first fic I wrote and posted, and it means a lot to me even if it's probably not my best work.

Chapter 1

When Will's mother left, the house was overly quiet. His father worked all the time, trying to make up for the income that his mother took with her.

Will was alone most of the time, got used to cooking dinner by himself an amusing himself. He wasn't allowed to have people over, but that was just fine by him because he spent most of his time reading anyway.

One night when he was alone she showed up. She was screaming, a high pitch terrifying scream that shook the entire house. Will stood up quickly, the book he was reading flying across the room. She didn't seem to notice him, searching around the house. Will got a good look at her, covered in blood. Her throat had been slit, her skin was blue and her eyes were unseeing. It was the first time that he saw a ghost. It was still something that happened recurring in his nightmares.

He could never mention it to his father, who he knew already worried about his antisocial son. The ghost came more often after that.

Sometimes the ghosts would only hang around the place they died at, which made hospitals his least favorite place. Sometimes they would haunt people. Either way, he wasn't overly fond of being around people, more than once he looked a ghost in the eye instead of an alive person. It's not like he could openly communicate with them. Sometimes he asked questions. But he couldn't help them, he couldn't get them to pass on. He could never tell anybody about this power. He would be put in a nut ward faster than anybody else probably has ever been.

Getting older, it got easier to just pretend that something else was wrong with him. Autism, something maybe little off about him. His dad would always try to make him feel better, telling him that he was just more intelligent than other kids. He didn't understand why Will couldn't make any friends or make eye contact with his father. When he passed away Will never saw his ghost, and that bothered him than the actual death. He loved his father, but he knew that when his mother left him he has lost any will to live. He was a ghost already when he was alive. He just took care of Will and drank. He wasn't violent in any way, but Will knew that his heart was not in it being alive anymore. His death meant he get to be at peace. Or that's what Will hoped happened when people didn't appear as a ghost.

Going into police work seemed like the best thing to do. He almost felt morally obligated to do it. Ghosts at murder scenes tended to hang around and were mostly willing to talk to him about what happened. When he got stabbed in the back, he saw a room filled with ghosts when he blacked out. When the F.B.I turned him down for being unstable, he honestly understood. He wasn't stable, especially when he could never explain to anybody why he was so good at his job.

Teaching was the safe option, even though he felt the need to help people. He had to deal with so much death on a day to day basis he didn't know how he was to let himself sleep at night unless he saved somebody. Saving lives was the only way he could force himself to sleep every night. So when Jack came calling for him he immediately agreed because he couldn't just let himself rot away to the insanity that was his life. He needed something to keep him going. A life surrounded by death was the only life for him, but he wanted to see some life as well.

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Getting back into investigating was probably one of the hardest things he's ever been pushed into. He can say a lot about Jack but the man knows how to pressure someone into doing what he wants. By the end of the Hobbs case, which went so swiftly after he stepped in that his class clapped. Which was inappropriate. He was fully out of the classroom, ready to jump when Jack told him to. His only question seemed to be how high. He didn't understand what about Jack made him react like that.

"You haven't been sleeping" Of course Jack read him like a book. Will peers over his laptop at him. Will hasn't. Hobbs seems to be haunting him, for the first time the ghost was following him. He had no idea what to do with this, so he just ignored him. He was a silent companion, and he had lasted longer than any other ghost that Will had known of.

"I'm just having a rough time. Shooting somebody does come easily to all of us Jack."He wants to take it back as soon as he says it. He takes off his glasses rubbing his forehead trying to release some tension. Just what he needed before his only class left he was allowed to teach. Jack screaming at him. "I'm sorry, that's not what I meant to say."

Jack gives him a dirty look. He sighs loudly only 2 months of knowing each other and he was already getting tired of Will's shit. "You get rude when you are tired. I'm making you go to a therapist. You need somebody to talk to. And since you refuse to talk to me you'll be going for my beauty sleep. And yours apparently, how long have you been wearing that shirt, Will?"
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Will looks down at the shirt and then across the classroom to were Hobbs was sitting. It's probably been three days with this shirt. There were slight stains on it that he tried to cover with a tweed coat. Dog hair was thick on it which he hadn't noticed this morning. He must be showing more than he meant to. Or Jack noticed more than he let on. Either way wasn't good. How much does he see, does he still think Will over talented or does he sense that it has something to do with the supernatural? Will feels a laugh bubble up in his throat, he'd probably think Will was a murderer before he would think that there was something supernatural going on.

"It's been a rough few days…. Fine, call for a psych exam, but I have a class coming in Jack. Just text me when Alana wants to meet. " He sighs, looking down at his laptop fully avoiding eye contact with him.

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Of course, Alana was unavailable for the next week. If he wanted to get back in the field within the week he needed to accept going to meet somebody else. He didn't want to meet this Dr. Lecter. Alana talked very highly of him on the phone, but he still didn't feel very comfortable talking to him. He knew he didn't have a choice though, as soon as Jack called saying there had been new murders, something about the Ripper.

Being pressured into driving to Baltimore. To hope whoever this psychiatrist that Alana had suggested that he go see would easily sign him off so that he could go down to the investigation right after. But honestly, no good therapist was ever going to just sign him off. He knew Jack would save it as long as he could, knowing Will worked better with fresh. Even though he could never explain it was because the dead person would follow their body for the first few hours.

Driving to Baltimore wasn't a hard drive, Hobb's sat in the back seat blankly staring at him. He had followed him around since he had killed him. Because he had, no matter how much he tried to deny it himself. He felt something like cold dread in his stomach because if he looked too long at Hobb's he seemed almost amused.

It was a Monday morning, which he thought was weird such a high-class psychiatrist would have an opening Monday morning. Getting out of his cheap car, he momentarily missed his truck that he had in Louisiana. He looks around feeling out of place, the area was really over the top. How much exactly is the F.B.I having to pay for this? He walks in the door a small bell going off as he walks in. He expects somebody at the small desk but finds nobody. That explains the cheap bell for such a classy place. He looks around curiously taking in all the dramatic decorations. For a second he freezes feeling like he has walked in the wrong place
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when a small girl peers at him from behind the small desk. She was pale and had large scars all over her body.

The small girl didn't make any sense though. Nobody else was in the room. he doubts Even if somebody was in there for therapy they would leave the small girl sitting outside. So she had to be dead, but she was dressed in a dress that was at least 30 years older than what anybody dressed there children in now. Her small dress was covered in dirt, the large scars covered her whole body she looked like she was sewn back together. She coughs softly and keeps her eyes trained on him. Will walks closer to her kneeling next to the desk giving them enough room that she would not panic. He had never seen a ghost that was obviously from such a long time ago. People usually disappeared pretty quickly, and he couldn't help but wonder why she was so attached to this place.

"Who are you?" He barely whispered not wanting anybody to hear him talk to himself. He didn't want to scare her away, offering up his hand showing that he was not going to hurt her. She reacts quickly obviously excited that somebody could see her.

She spoke in a clear crisp voice but used a language that Will had no way of knowing. The vague French he knew was not going to help him here, and she was speaking softly and quickly that he had no chance of even knowing what language it was. Will frowned and goes to open his mouth again when he hears a door open behind him. Jumping back from the small desk he bangs his head, cursing loudly he stands up and comes face to face with… he was guessing was Dr. Lecter who was looking at him with a concerned expression. Had he heard him talking to himself? This session was not going to go very easily.

"Um I'm sorry, Hello I'm Will Graham. Dr. Bloom made the appointment?" He watches the girl walk from behind the desk to right beside the doctor. She looked like she would have been holding onto his pants if she could touch him. She was almost too loud as she continues talking in a different language. He finally looks up at the doctor, not quite making eye-contact but he traces his face to distract himself. He was handsome. Okay maybe he wasn't handsome in a normal way, he kind of looked like a God if Will believed in that kind of thing. Cruel, severe, but still beautiful. But he had striking cheekbones, wide shoulders and he looked very put together. He was older too, which was something that Will was always weak against. He tried to stop himself from being a disaster and listen to what the doctor has been saying.

"..So if you're ready we can get started." Will can't read his expression, but he follows behind the doctor who opens the door to let him go in first. Maybe chivalry isn't dead. He has to stop himself from laughing as he walked into the room. The room was beautiful, two layers. Books upstairs, so many places to sit. He felt at home immediately, which means Dr. Lecter has to be a very good therapist to put a room like this together. He starts walking around looking at everything. The doctor lets him, seeming pleased to let him do whatever he wants. "Do you know why you are here Mr. Graham?"

“Please just call me Will, Mr. Graham makes me think of my father.” He was trying to hide his shock of seeing the people around Dr. Lecter. The last three people he had seen on paper, the victims were all the bodies he had missed the last few days when he was put on leave. It was weird. Because either his new doctor was a murderer, or these three people were attached to him somehow. He must have had a weird expression because the doctor walks up to him with a concerned look. Will waves him off, focusing back on the little girl who was now standing in front of him still less than three feet away from the doctor. “I am here because I killed somebody. I’m having a hard time getting over it. I feel like I’m being haunted. Plus Jack is looking to get some beauty sleep” He says it half as a joke, and half so Hobb’s will know how annoying he was getting. He was being haunted by his first kill, and not a haunted that any therapist could fix for him.

“Please then call me Hannibal. Is that all you are here for then? You seem more than just haunted Will. I don’t mean to offend you.” His voice was soft and soothing, slightly accented. Will had to stop himself to ask where he was from, wanting to know what language the small girl was speaking. Or maybe, the little girl has nothing to do with this man just like the other three in the room? Will had a lot of questions, and not a lot of answers. Will shakes his head focusing back on the conversation, trying hard to ignore the distractions thoughts. He had a goal, he wanted the signature and he wanted to never see this man again. He felt like he was on a spider’s web and he didn’t want to start pulling at it. He was just glad the other ghost didn’t know he could hear or see them, because he was sure he would find out very quickly why they were there, and he wasn’t ready to have a break down in front of Dr. Lecter.

“My thoughts aren’t tasty.”He says it honestly because they weren’t. He wasn’t being dramatic, his thoughts usually were surrounded by death, just like his real-life was surrounded by death. And death wasn’t tasty. But again a therapist could never fix that.

Dr. Lecter walked across the room to his desk, and Will followed not thinking about it. He had a very soothing personality. Which honestly might be too much to think about at that moment but he did. He made Will feel comfortable even though he was by three dead people and a small child who had not left the doctor's side since they walked into this room.

“Nor mine.” Hannibal was pulling out a fountain pen and was signing something. Leaning over the table Will noticed it was his release form. Blinking at the doctor with clear confusion, because he knew that there was no way that he thought Will was sane. The three dead people had disappeared and he was starting to think that they were catching on. Or Will was losing his mind, he had never seen a ghost without purpose. “I will sign this because I think I will be no help to you as a therapist. But maybe we could just have a conversation.”

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Therapy with Hannibal had slowly become the best part of his week. He was helpful and understanding. He was easy to talk to. He seemed to get Will on a level that Will had never experienced before. Will was also dying to know who the little girl was, but the doctor never offered information about himself. He offered his opinion on the case that they were working on, three people murdered and stripped of their livers. They were all part of the local church, but other than that didn't seem to have much in common. Will hadn't seen the ghosts since that first day. He also didn't know what to think of that, that the ghosts could now find him. The only explanation that he could come up with.

That made him overly paranoid. But trying to be honest with himself, he was stuck on the soothing high of being in therapy with Hannibal. The man himself was almost too soothing. It never crossed his mind that there could be something about the man himself, he sensed no danger. Maybe it was the small child that followed him everywhere.

The girl would wave at Will when he came into therapy. She was sitting on the floor directly next to Dr. Lecter. She was his constant companion. It was 7 pm on a Wednesday and the third time that Will had come to therapy with Dr. Lecter. He had given up on pacing around the room and found himself sitting in the chair directly across from Hannibal.

"Why does Jack consider these three murders connected? They all died in different ways in different areas. Found within the same hour." Hannibal's eyes didn't leave his face. The moment is tense for a reason that Will doesn't understand. Hannibal seems hungry for anything he has to say, and that makes his heart clench.

"But they all had the surgical trophies taken. Plus the fact they are all part of the same church. But, they weren't …"Will trails off not sure how he was going to explain the fact there wasn't the usual… beauty to the deaths. They were just slaughtered. Meat taken, thrown somewhere. He would say it was a risky change for the Ripper if it weren't for the fact there was still nothing to trace to who could be the murderer. Nothing that pointed to anybody.

Hannibal raises his eyebrows, leaning forward in his seat. "They weren't what Will?" That hunger that Will sensed under Hannibal's expression was something that Will could feel under his skin. He wondered if Hannibal knew he was gay, and if he was trying to manipulate him somehow because he noticed Will's attraction to him. He couldn't come up with a good reason why somebody like Hannibal would want to manipulate somebody like him.

"There was no beauty to the kill. He usually has a certain..art to his kills. These were very bland like he had a last-minute dinner party to get the meat for…" Will's looking down at his hands, trying to not see the judgment from the man across from him. He jumps, shocked
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when he hears the little girl speaking. She was right in front of him now, usually, she wasn't very far away from Hannibal.

She was waving her hands like she was trying to get his attention. He tried to draw his eyes away from her so that Hannibal wouldn't think he wasn't crazy, knowing how closely Hannibal was watching him that there was no way he didn't notice him jumping half a foot in the air. The girl gave up, though she continues to stand between Hannibal in him, right in his line of sight.

"Are you alright Will?" Hannibal tilts his head, giving him a concerned once over. "You seem nervous, can I do anything?"

"Have you ever had a child, Dr. Lecter?" His eyes weren't looking at Hannibal's eyes trained on the girl. He was pushing his luck he thought, trying to distract him from his crazy that was showing through. He was also dying to know who this girl was, a ghost who lasted so long. So devoted to the man in front of him. He thought he could understand devotion in a man like Hannibal, strong hands, and a soothing voice.

Hannibal froze, surprised at his words. He felt pleasure in the fact that he could surprise somebody like Hannibal. He was also scared, worried he had brought up something he shouldn't have. Some people didn't enjoy talking about death, but Will was so surrounded by it that he sometimes completely forgot that sometimes death hurt people. If she was Hannibal's daughter she obviously would have died horribly. Something that would upset him if mentioned. Maybe Will wanted to see Hannibal hurt in some way because so far Hannibal has been able to see every hurt part of Will.

"I was... A father to my sister. She was my charge." Hannibal's expression doesn't change, a mask carefully sliding into place. But his eyes are sad, something that Will feels deep in his chest. Something sadder than Will himself had ever felt. "Why do you ask Will? Other than to distract me."

"Mostly to distract you, though obviously, it didn't." Will grins, nervousness vibrating in his heart. A sister. That explained how old she was dressed, but the language he still had no idea never asking the man where he was from. He felt like in the short time they had known each other Will knew deeper things about him, but not the question you would ask in small talk. "What was her name?"He says it softly, making full-on eye contact with him. No longer trying to distract him but instead trying to figure out the small child in front of him.

She had perked up like she knew they were talking about her, her eyes never left Hannibal's face. She reminded him of his dogs at that moment, in the best possible way. Loyal and loving no matter what was happening around him.

"Mischa. You surprise me with these questions Will. What are you searching for?"

"I'd just like to get to know you better Dr. Lecter."

Chapter 2

Waking up panicked wasn't something new to Will. Waking up panicked realizing that somebody was knocking on his door in the middle of the night is what surprised him. Not many people drove to Wolf Trap to see him. He liked it, liked feeling alone with the simple feeling of his dogs nearby. The only ghost who followed him here was Hobbs. He had a feeling the ghost would stay until he went to visit his daughter. The daughter who barely survived. The daughter who he felt the guilt of not visiting yet sitting in his heart. She hadn't woken up yet. But bringing her father around her made something twist in his gut. The bastard didn't deserve to be anywhere near her.

Opening the door he suddenly realizes he should have put on more clothes. Alana Bloom is standing at the door with a bag in one hand, her other hand holding a cup holder with two coffees. She smiles, looking apologetic. Will felt the need to cover himself but didn't move to do it wanting her to see how unhappy with her being here that he was.

"I have brought bad news and breakfast." She smiling, which comforts Will that it's not anything horrible. He likes Alana. She's almost a friend. If she'd stopped being so careful around him they probably could be better friends.

"The two b's. Please come in. I have to put some clothes on." Inviting somebody in he has to show that he is currently sleeping in his living room, but what he is guessing is about 5 am sleeping in his living room isn't the worst of his issues at the moment.

Coming back ten minutes later, showered with slightly more clothing on. Alana is sitting on the floor, surrounded by his dogs. He walks over to the coffee, grabbing it and almost downing it in one go. He's exhausted, and Hobbs is staring at him from his couch with a smirk.

"Not that I don't enjoy being woke up before anybody human, but what brings you out here?" She stands up, brushing off the skirt she's wearing. She's pretty, in a soft underwhelming way that Will could find himself as if he was still pretending to be straight.

"Jack sent me. He was going to send Beverly but I talked him into sending me. He wants your help on a case." This isn't new, he has been helping with cases for a while. He tilts his head as he tries to take another drink from his coffee cup that ends up being empty. "I know you don't like hospitals…" He had been to see Abigail, and that was one of the excuses he had given. "But Abigail's awake, and he wants you to talk to her."

“Why? What does he think Abigail's done that she needs to be interviewed by me?...” he trails off, realizing what Jack thought of the girl. “First he was trying to keep me away from er afraid that I would get attached. Now you are telling me he wants me to go see her? You’ve got to be kidding, he thinks she helped her father? That’s ridiculous.”

“You and I both know that, but convincing him will be harder. I was thinking about asking Hannibal to come to, just so that she had a full support team.” Alana didn’t have a hint of death around her. It was comforting. He’d probably agree to anything that she wanted.

“Call him, he can meet us there.”

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Walking into that hospital triggered Will’s flight or fight response immediately. His eyes go over the exits and tried to guess if he ran out if Alana would follow him. He already couldn’t tell where the exits were and could feel anxiety spiking up in the back on his throat. This was exactly what he was trying to avoid by not going to see Abigail. He might feel attached to the girl but the attachment wasn’t enough to surround himself with people who may or may not be real. Alana grabs his hand and smiles at him when he looks up. He could focus on her. He could do this.

He smiles back, an uncomfortable twitch of his lips. They walk quickly through the hospital. Hannibal wasn’t there yet, and he felt some anxiety in his stomach about seeing him. He got that anxiety a lot when he thought of Hannibal. He felt understood in Hannibal’s presence. He hadn’t decided if that was a bad thing or not yet. Standing outside of Abigail's room he feels guilty about thinking about Hannibal when he was here to try to save Abigail's life from whatever plan Jack had.

“She will be sent to a home tomorrow. She needs to be watched she’s been trying to escape and she has been having trouble with nightmares.” Will nods in understanding, he knew something about nightmares. Alana releases his hand to slide open the door. To his surprise, Hannibal was already sitting by her bed. His hand was on her, and they stopped talking when he and Alana walked in. Will looks at them a bubble of longing going up against his throat. He tries to shove it down, walking stiffly into the room.

“I didn’t think you were here yet Hannibal.” Alana goes to stand by him on the side of the bed. They were familiar and comfortable around each other in the way that Will would never be with anybody. Especially not somebody like Hannibal. He goes to the other side of the bed beside Abigail and gives her a nervous smile. She was dressed nicely, a scarf tied around her
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neck. The scarf covered the scar, the scar her father had put on her. He could imagine her covered in blood, her ghost following him around. At that thought, he breaks looking at her to look for the small girl. Who may or may not be Hannibal's sister. She was in the corner not far away, big brown eyes staring directly at Will. He felt his body chill at the look on her face. She looked like she could see directly into his soul.

"I'm Will Graham." He says it so he's not just standing there awkwardly, already feeling overwhelmed because of everybody in the room staring at him. Abigail is searching for his face, trying to find eye contact. Will refuses to give it to her scared that she will see her death in his eyes.

"You're the man who killed my father. I remember you." Will feels that deep in his chest and stares back at her eyes widened. Hannibal stands up, everybody eyes on him automatically.

"He's the one who saved your life, Abigail. Remember what we spoke of." The last part is vague, but Will hopes it was something nice. Something to make Abigail feel better. Selfishly he also hoped it was something that got her to like him more. He had a deep desire for her to like him, to trust him like the trust he could see in Hannibal's eyes.

Hobbs was sitting on the edge of the bed staring at his daughter. It made Will regret coming here. It was disgusting, the barely concealed longing in his eyes. Another reason why he wanted to avoid Abigail not wanting to give her father any access to her. He didn't deserve it. Abigail needed peace, not the ghost of the father who tried to murder her following her around.

Abigail's eyes were on him when he focused back into the room full of alive people. He wondered for a second if he preferred dead people over alive people. That was a stressing though, but the ghost never made him feel tense like Abigail's eyes on him.

"I'm sorry to bother you Abigail, but we are here for a reason." Alana's voice was soothing as it always was. Even Will felt soothed. Abigail messes nervously with her hands in her lap. Her eyes were very large for her face, a soft blue color. Will shakes his head again, as the image of her dead floated to the top of his brain. "Jack wants you to go to be interviewed. We asked to take you because he can be an overwhelming person." That's giving Jack too much. He was pushy, in that overly Alpha male kind of way. Will respected him, but under all that he hated him a little. He couldn't just sit in his classroom and waste away.

"He has some concerns about you. We want to ease those concerns so that they don't come up again and you can continue to live your life." Hannibal's voice was overly soothing as

well. His accent bleeds through his words more than Will had ever heard it. “I don’t think anybody in here cares about what happened, but whatever truth you are planning to tell Jack. We believe you and back you up.” The way Hannibal put it said a lot. More of a lie that he would ever tell in from Alana. But looking at her she seems to stick by Hannibal. Hannibal has always been her teacher, and Alana was a bright woman. Will feels himself nod, agreeing with Hannibal. He wondered if Hannibal knew how much Will saw him. Mostly because Will saw himself in Hannibal's reflection and felt like he knew himself.

Abigail nods and she stands up. She had the face of a warrior, and Will wondered for a second if Jack was right. He could be. She seems to be willing to do anything to stay alive. If helping her father kept her alive, he could see her do it. He raised his eyes to go over her face, vaguely making eye contact. She smiles timidly at him, unsure why he had graced her with eye contact. Her father moves and stands between them. Even though Abigail can’t see him, he can see his presence flow over her. Ghosts rarely had any effect on others that he could see. But of course, her father held her like a doll in his hands, even in death.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Enjoy and thank you for reading!

Sitting in the car was very awkward for Will. He could feel the tension thrumming through his veins. Hannibal was driving, and Will was in his passenger seat. Alana and Abigail were in the backseat, heads together. Women always had a way of talking that Will didn't seem to understand. When he figured out he was gay at sixteen, he was almost comforted by the fact so he would never have to figure out a woman. As an empath, he could be a person, understand their feelings but never was truly able to understand another person. Or maybe, he understood too much and didn't like what he saw.

Opera music played softly out of the speakers, making Will wonder if Hannibal was perhaps a vampire. He couldn't be much older than Will who is a year shy of 40. But he seemed centuries older. The thought was so amusing that he laughed out loud, putting some of Hannibal's attention on. His lips quirked up like Will's amusement was enough for him to be amused.

"Should I ask what the joke was?" Will shakes his head, a small smile still on his lips. Why was he so comfortable around the other man? Maybe it's just because he's his therapist. Maybe it's the sister who follows Hannibal around. She seems to soothe his harsh edges. Even though he's kind enough to Will. Will can look him in the face and not picture his death. Which is a massive plus to Will, and is quickly make him more attached than he planned to.

"I'll tell you about it later" His eyes go to the girls in the back, saying maybe it wasn't the best joke in front of Abigail. Hannibal nods and lets his eyes linger on Will.

"I'll need a joke after dealing with Jack." Hannibal focused again on driving humming softly to himself. Will was soothed enough that he went to sleep.

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When the car stops, Hannibal politely tells Alana to go ahead and take Abigail inside. Will is still asleep beside him, and he wants to wake him up comfortably. He couldn't even explain to himself the attraction he has always felt to the man beside him. Hannibal wasn't usually
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one to fall for a pretty face, but Will had so much darkness surrounding him that Hannibal found himself entrapment by him anyway. Staring at him for a few minutes, Will's head was cocked to the side. His shoulders were to the bottom of his seat, and he was sure if he touched his mouth he would find his drool there. He was so defenseless and innocent looking at this moment Hannibal wanted to eat him alive.

Gently he brushes Will's hair out of his face, stroking up his cheek whispers Will's name softly to wake him up.

Backing up from Will's personal space. Will starts waking up, he gets out of the car so that Will will have to follow him. He can see Will scrambling to follow him and hears the click of the door.

"I'm so sorry, how long was I asleep? You should have woke me sooner. Where's Abigail?" He was rubbing his eyes, but already looking more awake. He keeps stride with Hannibal easily. He looks more confident beside Hannibal instep, and Hannibal locks that away to think of more later. He still hasn't fully figured Will out and nothing has ever excited him more.

Walking inside the FBI area he still hasn't replied, enjoying the silence. Will seems to be on his toes, probably waiting for a fight with Jack. Jack will have to be dealt with, he didn't need to compete with Will's attention with a man like that. Walking into the building Will grabs him by his arm and drags him to a nearby closed closet. Hannibal follows willingly, not even pausing to make it look anything but awkward. When they are tucked into the closet, Will shuts the door. He has an overly serious look on his face which isn't what Hannibal was hoping for, but then again maybe when they were trying to save Abigail wasn't the time to try to kiss Hannibal for the first time. Even though, by the way, Will's eyes linger on his lips, he thought about it as well. Hannibal is amused by the thought. Almost tasty a thought, amused the problems that are happening in the real world could be ignored by a kiss.

"What's our fight with Jack? If he tries to prove his theory about Abigail…" he trails off, because if Jack did find proof, Abigail wouldn't be able to stand up to it. Because she was guilty. He sighs and rubs his eyes. "If she's guilty, how are we going to protect her? I wish Alana wasn't there so we could have made a strong story, but it's still a pretty strong story with just us right?" He looks up at Hannibal, who at the moment could feel a yearning in his heart he hadn't felt for another person in years. If he was able to lean down and kiss him and consume his soul Hannibal felt like the yearning in his heart would go away.

"She will lie, and we will lie with her. It's what families do. We should hurry to find them, even though I'm enjoying being in this small closet with you." Will's face goes bright red like he just noticed they were in a small closet together. Nodding Will opens the door and nods, face serious and darkness in his eyes that Hannibal found extremely attractive. He had an embarrassing flush still on his cheek that Hannibal put in his mind of think of later.

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Alana was beautiful when she was angry. Abigail was currently in the hallway with Will. They were speaking softly, but the door was open so Hannibal was sure that it wasn't anything that would secure the situation. The conflict that could arise if Hannibal hadn't already planned everything was exciting, but not half as exciting as the plan Hannibal had.

Hannibal crosses his arms and looks at Jack with a raised eyebrow, Alana had a similar pose next to him.

"You have to be joking. What kind of girl helps her father… hunt other girls? Do you have any proof of this Jack?" Alana walks over to the door slamming it, cutting off the conversation from being overheard. Perfect. "You can't upset her. Do you know what's she's been through? She has nightmares. Nightmares so bad that she wakes up screaming Jack." She was so angry that Hannibal didn't even move to stop her, almost laughing at Jack's face.

"How else would he be getting these girls? If you find that out I will leave Abigail alone, but before that, I need to make sure she is as innocent you three seem to be convinced she is. All of you being on her side, I'm sure you all will be able to figure out something. Now she is to be interviewed, and I don't want Will to freak her out before it happens." Hannibal frowns at him on the inside, unhappy with how he talks about Will. He will have to deal with him later. But on the outside, he keeps his face very serious.

"I want to be in the room with her when you interview her. She's a child, and I'm currently the closest thing she has to a legal guardian." Hannibal crosses the room, opening the door. Will and Abigail look up from where they sit next to each other on the floor. Will's eyes go to somewhere around his knees, like they seem to do every time they see each other. Another question about Will he was unsure will ever be answered. "Abigail if you will please follow me. Will, please stay with Alana." Abigail stands up quickly, ever so quick to follow orders. Jack rushes past both of them, irritation followed him. Hannibal waited until he was gone, following on his terms.
~~~

Chapter 4

Will watched them walk away before he turns back to Alana. Mischa waved at him. If he knew how his gift worked, and if he could help anybody he would want to help her. Alana as drained as Will felt. Will nervously leans back and forth on his feet his eyes somewhere near Alana's chin.

"So what are we going to do with the huge crush you have on Hannibal?"Alana was never really blunt with him, but he was sure she was still living thriving off the anger she had from the conversation with Jack. Will looks around for once hoping somebody dead or alive to walk up to him so that he doesn't have to answer Alana's question.

"We could just ignore it. He doesn't need to know. He's way out of my league anyway." Alana looks ready to argue with him on it. Shaking his head he looks up and down the hallway. Hobbs was nowhere to be found. That made him nervous. He would have followed Abigail, and she didn't deserve that... "It's not anything serious Alana. He probably already knows and is politely ignoring it. If you noticed it.." he trails off looking up and down the hallway. "..anyway, we are here doing something besides talking about the failure that is my love life."

"I trust Hannibal. Him being in that room completely ruins Jack's interview. He won't let that conversation go anywhere he doesn't want it to. Abigail deserves better than this. Honestly, even if she did help her father, it's not her fault. Survival isn't a sin." Alana frowns to herself before shaking her head. "I think I want to spend the night, and sleep on the floor with your dogs. This day isn't over and I'm tired."

"You are always welcome Alana. I need a drink." He hears Hannibal speaking before he sees him. Abigail has been crying, blue eyes clear and shiny. Hannibal catches his eyes and nods. They all silently head out.

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Jack called him so early the next morning that he hung up on him the first time. The second time had a great deal of yelling to it that was nauseating and exhausting. Will rolls out of bed, covered in sweat, and the dogs still asleep. He couldn't have slept for more than two hours, Alana staying over most the night to gossip and drink. It was probably the closets time he had to spend time with a friend in a long time.
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She had ended up falling asleep on his couch, so when he was on the phone he had to gently wake her up. “Coffee?” she offers as she rolls out of bed, a morning person. How horrible. Maybe he wouldn’t be in love with her if he was straight. Jack was screaming on the phone about something that he wasn’t awake enough to understand. He nods at her and heads to the bathroom, in desperate need of a shower.

“I’m sending a car you’re way. This is the Ripper I just know it.” Will sighs and hangs up, a quick shower then.

When he gets out and gets dressed Alana is sitting at the table across from Hannibal. Will rubs his eyes, making sure he’s not asleep. Hannibal looks tense, Alana looks relaxed. That makes Will tense up trying to figure out what they are talking about. Mischa is sitting by Hannibal’s feet her eyes light. Maybe it wasn’t something bad then, because she almost looks amused. God, Will thanks, I hope they weren’t talking about me. Hannibal had brought breakfast, fresh croissants, and something with meat that he had never seen before. There wasn’t enough for Alana.

“Are you the car Jack was sending? If so you are fast.” Will sits down at his table and feels uncomfortable immediately. Alana’s relaxed face seemed to be causing Hannibal’s tenseness. Knowing Hannibal for a few weeks as he has he still has never seen the man as uncomfortable as he looks. He didn’t know how to defuse the situation his empathy immediately rearing its head, and it seemed more inclined for Hannibal's tension. The silence is consuming so Will grabs the cup of coffee in front of him and glances at the two with raised eyebrows waiting for them to talk.

“I am not the car, but I can text him and tell I will bring you. I was just going to offer breakfast.” he gestures to the breakfast in front of him and Alana lets out a huff that almost sounds like a laugh. She stands up and walks to the door putting on her coat.

“I have to head out anyway, I have a class to cover apparently.”She winks at Will before waving at Hannibal, who like a gentleman gets up and walks her out to her car. Will downs the cup of coffee and has gotten up to make himself another one as Hannibal walks back inside. Hannibal takes off his coat, folding it over his arm.

“What was that all about?” Hannibal has walked over to the table and had started making Will a plate, a much large one then he would ever make for himself. Hannibal sits across from him and calmly starts cutting into his food. Will can feel him being upset in the back of his throat. He looks around and notices for the first time Mischa is not here. Concerned he looks at Hannibal seriously wondering if something on a deeper level was upsetting him.

“I called Jack. He seems… overly excited this morning. I didn’t know you and Alana were seeing each other. It makes sense why Jack sent you to see me for therapy.” His words weren’t upset sounding, though Will could see something shining in his eyes. Behind the mask that Hannibal wore. If he didn’t know better, he would think that it was extremely well-controlled anger. Will raises both his eyebrows as Hannibal’s words go through his brain.

“I’m gay.” He says it as he takes a large bite of his food. His voice was overly loud but he was confident in it. He didn’t know how else he would explain to him that he and Alana would never see each other. The second part of that was that he had frequent dreams of Alana’s death. He didn’t think he could think of anybody in that way that he saw like that. In that same thought, he had never seen Hannibal’s death.

“...” Hannibal's silence was so amusing that Will found himself deeply laughing, so hard that he had to put his fork down. Hannibal's eyes shone lightly, and he let out a small laugh himself. “I’m sorry I didn’t realize.” he didn’t look very sorry. Will shakes his head, a smile still on his face. Mischa had appeared beside the table staring intently at the meat… a thing that was in front of Will. It was very good. But Mischa said something in Lithuanian intensely pointing at the food. Will looks away from her knowing he must appear a little crazy as he was trying to figure out what Hannibal's dead sister could be saying about the food in front of him.

“What are you looking at Will?” Will flinches back from the question looking Hannibal in the eyes for a split second before shrugging to himself.

“What kind of meat is this?” He deflects, but also tries to soothe Mischa by asking. She seems honestly upset that he didn't understand her. Maybe he should start taking a class on Lithuania, finally find out the secrets of Hannibal that he was never going to get from the man himself.

“Pig. Do you not like it?” Hannibal falls for the bait as easily as he always does, not pushing Will on the huge secret that he keeps under his nose. Will wonders if he’s being lied to, but Hannibal has never given him a reason to think he was a liar. Will trust him, which is a startling thought. Will was lying to him so if he was lying, how could he blame him.

“No, it’s good. It just... Looks different. It’s probably because you know how to cook it and I don’t.” He smiles at him and takes a large bite out of it. Hannibal watches him carefully as he does and Will feels flush. To distract himself he starts a conversation about the case. “Do you think it’s the Ripper? Jack seems overly certain in himself.”

Hannibal laughs, his teeth sharp. “I guess we’ll only know when we get there. Are you ready to leave? It’ll be a bit of a drive. But I think you are used to that living where you do.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The drive was long, but it was honestly not as long as he thought. He and Hannibal kept easy conversation the whole time. It was overly soothing. They got along too well. It kind of made Will nervous. Will would have found anybody else uncomfortable by this point. He didn't know what he was supposed to do when his therapist, or not an official therapist, was the only person he had ever been comfortable with.

When they arrived on the scene, Jack rushed over to the car before they got out. Hannibal and he shook hands and Will stood awkwardly over to the side. When they have rushed the scene, Will felt his blood run cold. It almost looked like a Ripper murder, and he could see how Jack thought it was. But there was something off.

Well to him there was. Hobbs was sitting in the middle of the room by the body looking a mixture of proud and odd disappointment. He felt himself freeze at the thought. The deceased was not a ghost in the room. But he had a strong feeling he knew where to find them. He didn't pay attention to Hannibal who he knew was standing beside him. He couldn't have anybody reading to easily into his face. Abigail had done this. Abigail had done this for the Ripper. Trying to impress them. Or replace her father with the first killer she could find. He felt like he was frozen in time, he was upset. He thought he was upset. Was he upset if he could understand her?

He should be upset. But he wasn't surprised. It was easier to stand with a devil than against him. Somebody to protect you from everybody else. Hannibal caught his eye, now standing in front of him talking in a soothing voice. How long had he not been moving?

"Sorry, I'm fine. It's not the ripper Jack. But it's somebody trying to impress him." He doesn't hear anything else Jack says as Hannibal moved him to his car. When he was in the car he sits quietly waiting for Hannibal to come back. Jack and Hannibal talk in loud voices in front of the car. Will can't get Abigail covered in blood out of his head, but now it was no longer her blood. It was somebody else's. When Hannibal gets in the car, he turns the heater on so that he could feel something. Hannibal calmly and quietly starts the car driving them away from the scene.

“...It’s Abigail. How am I supposed to tell Jack that?” Hannibal looks at him calmly out of the right of his eye before turning his eyes back to the road. The silence that answered made something in his chest go cold. “You knew didn’t you.” He didn’t ask it as a question, his hands gripping the door handle and the side of his seat. The seat of Hannibal’s too nice Bentley. His breath was coming out faster, and he wasn’t sure if he’s panicking or dissociating

“I suspected. Can you breathe for me, Will? If you calm down we can talk about this. In and out.” Will tries to focus on his voice. He doesn’t notice that the car has pulled over until Hannibal's hands are on his. He is holding Will’s hands between his. Will feels himself focus with a blush going across his cheeks.

“What are we going to do?” Hannibal doesn’t let go of his hands but squeezes them instead. He doesn’t know why he is so protective of Abigail. She doesn’t deserve this. She will be blamed for her father's crimes and thrown in jail even though he’s the one who did this to her.

“We’ll protect her.” Hannibal sounds so sure, so secure and comforting that Will leans over the center console and kisses him. It wasn’t a very deep kiss, and he could have played it off if Hannibal hadn’t reacted by grabbing him by his neck softly and deepening the kiss.

Will thinks this might be the most violent kiss he had ever had. He honestly hasn’t had the chance to have that many kisses. But most of them aren’t filled with the level of passion this one is. It wasn’t anger. It was something almost akin to love.

When Hannibal pulls back because he had to know there was no way Will was gonna pull back first. Hannibal had blood on the side of his mouth, Will must have bitten him. He didn’t think he could apologize for it. He didn’t want to, licking Hannibal's blood from the side of own his mouth. Hannibal's eyes were light as he looks at him, open in a way that he had never seen them. Will’s mouth got away from him and he mumbles to himself.

“At least Mischa didn’t see that.” Hannibal freezes, and Will does as well staring at him with wide eyes. He had never accidentally said anything like that before. He feels his heart thud in his chest. Before Hannibal can say anything Will opens the car door and takes off. He can hear Hannibal get out of the car, but the conveniently placed forest next to the road was easy to run and hide in. He runs as far as he can stopping only to think about how cold it is, and how there was no way that he could hide from Hannibal forever and survive out here. If Hannibal even bothered to come looking for him after the craziness of a kiss and bringing up his dead sister.

Chapter End Notes

!!! Hannibal finds out.
I'm almost finished writing this and will be uploading quickly!

Chapter 6

Hannibal was behind him a few seconds after he left the car. He barely had a head start before he felt Hannibal wrap his arms around him, when Will tried to get away from him they both ended up on the ground. There was a thick layer of snow on the ground that made him regret running as soon as he felt the cold shock his body. He can feel his back get damp where it starts to melt against his skin. There were trees above him, but the car was less than thirty feet away. He started fighting Hannibal quickly after that, trying to getaway. All he could picture in his head was a mental hospital. Hannibal shaking his head, and writing papers about how crazy Will was.

Will ends up on the ground, with Hannibal hovering above him. Will had to have hit him in the mouth at some point, blood slowing going down Hannibal's face from a cut. Hannibal hadn't hurt him at all, Hannibal fully in control of the situation. Hannibal had both his wrists in one hand, which shouldn't be as hot as it was in this situation. They were both hard, Will could feel it. He wanted to laugh because this isn't where he thought this was going when he took off. He's not above distracting Hannibal from his insanity though. With the heavy-eyed look, Hannibal had he didn't seem above being distracted anyway.

Will grinds his hips up pointedly and bares his teeth at Hannibal. Hannibal has a dangerous glint in his eye that Will barely catches before their mouths meet. The kiss was probably the most violent one that Will had ever been a part of like he felt more in that kiss than he had ever felt before.

Hannibal slipped a leg between him, rubbing his thigh almost viciously against Will. Will broke away from the kiss with a groan that sounded through the woods around him. He could taste Hannibal's blood in his mouth. Hannibal went to work biting his neck, sucking bruises into it. His leg pressed firmly against Will,

Will used all of his strength to flip them over, though he was sure if Hannibal wanted to stop him he could have. Will started tugging at Hannibal's clothes to reach the skin, and when he does he spreads his hands out on his stomach. Feeling the softness of his stomach, though underneath he could feel the muscle that he didn't expect. Hannibal was much stronger than he looked in his three-piece suits.

Will bites Hannibal's neck, as he all but throws Hannibal's top layers off of him. Hannibal groans, the first sound he'd made since this started. Will can't believe it's real, making out and rutting against each other like teenagers on the forest floor. He has snow and dirt and places he didn't want to think about.

Hannibal has moved his hands to his ass, grabbing it fully with both hands to bring Will's hips down on his own. Will ruts against him, moving to try to kiss him but ends up just sucking on his lips licking it clean of blood. Hannibal's eyes are opened staring into his with a deepness that Will didn't expect.

Will can't imagine how embarrassed he was going to feel if he cums in his pants likes a teenager. But with Hannibal's large hands on his, and intense rubbing he didn't know how he was going to last much longer. Will starts working on getting Hannibal's pants off, barely getting it down far enough for him to wrap his hand around him. He was uncut, and already so hard he was leaking precum.

Hannibal had moved his hands to Will's pants, quickly undoing his pants. He did it way easier than Will did. Will groans out loud when Hannibal finally gets his hand around him. Hannibal's hand was warm against him, he held Will tighter than he had ever been held. Strong strokes were going to bring Will off faster than he wanted but he didn't have it in him to tell Hannibal to slow down.

Will watches his hand move over Hannibal, almost hypnotized by how turned on he could tell he was. Hannibal was flushes dark red, and when he touched his foreskin Hannibal's hip jerked up and he moves he takes his hand off, Will. Will groans in disagreement until Hannibal puts his hand up to his mouth, he licks his hand eyes still on Will's. He goes back to Will, his hand gliding over the skin better, making Will throw his head back he can feel himself getting close and he has to put his hand in his mouth afraid he would let something out like a scream.

He didn't even notice that he had taken his hand off of Hannibal, who moves him so that he's on his knees. He grinds into his ass breathe harshly. Hannibal squeezed him on almost a painful level, which set him off. His head felt flooded and he falls onto Hannibal's chest. Hannibal ground up into him and lets out a low groan into Will's ear that made him almost wish they could go a second round. Hannibal pulled him up by his hair to kiss his mouth softly, the mood different than it was a few minutes before. Will kisses him back, his hands coming up to stroke his face softly.

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Three hours later they were sitting in Hannibal's study, hot coffee in hand, and Will was sitting in borrowed clothes. Hannibal was only just bigger than him, which made the red sweater he borrowed hang over his hands. Mischa was sitting on the floor in front of him, watching him with big eyes. Will wonders if she knows what's going on day today. Did ghosts grow with the people they followed? Or was she just the small girl she was when Hannibal was a child. He wasn't sure which one would be worse.

"Are you ever going to ask? Or are you waiting for me to bring it up?" Hannibal looks at him with the same calm understanding eyes that he always had on when he looked at Will. Will wonders if they could have been screwing earlier on. Hannibal had looked at him like that from the moment that they meet. He was dying to know what that meant, but he would never ask.
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“I’m not entirely sure how to ask you, Will.”

“It’s not that hard. You never hold back, why hold back in the face of my craziness.”

“I don’t think it’s craziness. Honestly, I have no idea what I think it is. But I don’t think that you are insane. You are no more crazy than I am.”

“I see the dead.”He says it, ripping off the bandage for himself more than for Hannibal. He can’t look at Hannibal, tracing the walls instead. “Sometimes I talk to them. They go away after a time. I can’t call them up or anything… People who are murdered tend to follow the people who murder them. Or follow people who they had unfinished business with. It’s how I know about it… Abigail. Sometimes they talk to me. I try to pretend I don’t see them. I can’t help them, but they seem to be convinced I can. “

“How long?”

“What a weird question…. My mother died, a few months after she left me and my father. And she came back…”

Hannibal stands up, kneeling before him. Hannibal takes both his hands and presses them to his mouth kissing them softly. Will can feel his eyes shining, feeling the tension of the last three decades fall of his shoulders. He could never imagine telling somebody who just accepting him fully like this.

“Thank you for trusting me with this Will.” Hannibal brushes his hands through Will’s hair watching him carefully. “Is that why you said that about Mischa? Is she here?”

“Most the time anyway. She follows you. I don’t understand what she saying, but she talks almost constantly.” Will leans forward to kiss Hannibal’s face wanting to heal the haunted look that was in Hannibal’s eyes. Hannibal didn’t seem to be handling the new well, and Will could understand it.

“She was like my child. My charge. I spent my whole childhood loving her and watching after her. I would have died for her. “ There was something hidden in Hannibal’s words, but Will didn’t have to heart to ask him what it was.

“I’m so sorry. She seems to love you a lot. What language does she speak? I can’t figure it out for the life of me.”

“A child’s mixture of Lithuanian and Russian. Do you wish to stay the night Will? I think I would like to lay down for a little while.” With a small nod, Will found himself in Hannibal’s bed. The sheets were an insane quality. When Hannibal lays down next to him, Will wraps himself around Hannibal’s back, hoping to soothe him. Seeing the haunted look in his eyes... It bothered Will heavily to see Hannibal look like that.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Short chapter but the next one will be up soon! Enjoy!

Will was back in his classroom a few days later. He was in between classes and felt half shocked that Jack hadn't called him for a new case. He felt tense because he felt like he had a reason to relax. He hoped it didn't mean that he had found out about Abigail. That he was hiding something from Jack. Hannibal had been very busy the past few days, calling him but they hadn't got to spend any more time together. Which really shouldn't have been what he was worried about that. He should worry about Jack, not Hannibal.

The phone calls have been nice. He has never really had anybody who wanted to talk to him daily. He was comforted by Hannibal's phone calls, it was comforting to have somebody who wanted to talk to him all the time.

He was still unsure where they stood with their relationship. When he worked up the next morning, Hannibal had made him breakfast. They were very quiet the whole morning, but it wasn't uncomfortable kind of quiet. Hannibal had kissed him before he left which was nice. It almost felt like being in a relationship. Will hadn't dated in so long it was almost shocking to his system, the affection. The soft way that Hannibal was on the phone with him. He felt cared about, and after telling him his secret, he also felt understood.

It was a tense few days for them trying to come up with how they would deal with the situation with Abigail. The plan was to keep an eye on her and try to make her feel less alone. Will didn't want to rat her out, didn't fully blame her for what has happened to her. But she still was a murderess, and Jack, unfortunately, was pretty good at his job. He and Hannibal planned to go see her today. Lunch, talk about her unfortunate murdering actions. It seemed almost nice if you ignored the fact that the family discussion would be about murder.

And that is what it is. It's a family discussion. Will had started thinking of these two people as his family. He didn't even think of his father as his family. If he could get over the high of feeling like he had a family, he would wonder how it happened to him so fast. He couldn't get over that high though, feeling happier than he had in years. Or ever. He didn't think that he had ever felt this accepted.

His phone rang, but he didn't hear it for a few seconds a little lost in his thoughts. He digs in his bag quickly trying to answer it before it stopped ringing. He was sure that it was Hannibal and picked up without looking. An almost overly excited hello came out of him before his excitement went away with the sound of Jack's voice.

"I need you, I've already called and canceled your lecture for today." Jack didn't sound happy, and Will was on edge at this call. Not hearing from him for a few days already made him nervous, worried he had found out something that he didn't want the other man to find out. The strings of his family were loosely grasped in his hand and he was worried that they would fall around him.

"What's this about Jack? It's getting hard to provide an education with you like this."

"Are you wanting to give up Will? Getting too much for you?"

"It was always too much, that's not the point and you know it."

"Than I'll see you in an hour in my office. Remind Hannibal he has to be there too." Remind suggested that they already had talked about this meeting. But Hannibal hadn't mentioned anything to him. Feeling nervous crawl up his neck and settled at the base of his skull. He never thought Hannibal would hide something from him. He sighs and grabs his bag, might as well go figure out what it is. He shouldn't get upset before he had all the facts. He had a bad feeling about this talk with Jack.

He trusted Hannibal more than he was ready to admit to himself though.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Sorry, this chapter took so long!
Hopeful you all enjoy it though! Please let me know in the comments :D

you can find me on twitter at @grantairess

Walking into Jack's office, seemed like a death sentence. He wasn't sure why though. He could feel his heart thundering in his chest. When he opened the door, Hannibal stands up to meet him, Hannibal pulls out his chair for him. Will feel overly embarrassed by this, he doesn't look at Jack. Jack's sitting at the table, large and intimidating. Maybe Will's just making him bigger than he is.

"Hannibal is telling me that I'm not seeing things where they are not. I'm overthinking things. Honestly, he sounds a bit like my wife. I want to see what you think Will."

"I think you can't get the image out of your head that Abigail Hobbs is a murderer. You saw her as her father's lure, and now you see her as this murderer. You think she is looking for a replacement for her father, which would make sense if you had any proof that Abigail even helped her father, which you do not."

Will had never heard him sound so angry, though Hannibal never raised his voice. Instead, his voice was low and severe. Will could hear it cut him, even though he was not the one that he was angry with.

Will sits up straighter and gives Jack a raised eyebrow. Trying to appear sure of himself, though he was never really sure he seemed when he still couldn't meet Jack's eyes. Maybe it was easier that way, he couldn't catch any part of Will that might be bad at lying.

"I don't think Abigail's this killer, any more than I thought she helped her father Jack."

Jack sighs, obviously this was not going how he thought it was going to. His eyes trail between him and Hannibal like he can hear every thought they had. Feeling way to open and read Will shifts in his seat.

“Fine, I see that you both disagree. Bring Abigail in. We will see what she has to say herself, over the body of her next kill. It takes two hours to get to her, try to make it one. Alana will be here by the time you two get back.”

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The car ride was only the second most awkward of the last two weeks, which made Will feel somewhat better. Hannibal was tense, which made him tense. Hannibal wasn’t the type of person to get tense. He was always calm and collected like he was in control of the game. Godlike. Will looked up to him for that, wished he could be the same way. He couldn’t though, which is probably why he couldn’t keep his mouth shut in this tense drive. If he looked in the back seat, Mischa would be there. He was insane, he knew this. But this situation was getting more and more insane.

“What are we going to do?” Will’s word shot out of his mouth.

“Will.” Hannibal relaxes his body like he was trying to prove that he is in control of this situation. Will didn’t fully believe in him at that moment. “We will do what Jack asks of us. You have to trust in Abigail.”

“But she’s guilty. There’s only so much you can believe in a guilty person. What am I believing in? Her ability to lie? Will she try to lie to us? I have a lot of questions that I don’t think you can answer Hannibal.”

“Do you trust me, Will?”

“More than I feel comfortable sharing with you, Hannibal .”

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Picking up Abigail felt too much like arresting her. Jack had called ahead, so she was sitting in the front room. Her clothes were muted and her eyes looked tired. Will wanted to hug her, to try to comfort the distress he could feel radiating from her.

They are silent as they walk out to the car, closing the back door for her, Hannibal stops him before he gets in the car.

“I promise we will protect her. Don’t look so distressed, you will only upset her.”
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“I don’t think false comfort is what’s going to help her at this point, Hannibal. But okay. I wish I would have known earlier what was going on with her...wished I could help more.”

Hannibal's eyes shone slightly as he looked at him. He looked ready to tell him something but holds his tongue eyeing Will silently.

“I’m sorry you didn’t have that chance, Will.”

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Alana was waiting for them when they got there. She takes the silent Abigail with her, telling them Jack wanted her in the interview room. Alana would be in there too, protecting her patient. Hannibal stood stiffly to the side, his tenseness making Will tense up a few feet away. Alana doesn’t look at them, the lack of eye contact cold for her.

Jack demands that they go home, telling them that he would have the escorted from the area if they had to.

Will argued, refusing to leave until Hannibal finally stands and makes his way out. Will hated this. He felt useless. Like he was trapped in somebody else's game and he didn’t know how to make his way out.

He follows Hannibal to his car, they drive in complete silence until they make it to his house.

They walk inside, the door closing behind them. Hannibal silently locks it and turns to

“I feel like they’ve arrested her. Did you see Alana’s face? She could barely make eye contact.” Hannibal didn’t seem to be paying attention to him silently going to the kitchen, Will follows him thinking out loud. “She could be scared, she could lie badly. And it would be a lie because she has become a serial killer! I see the ghost of her victims hanging around her. Do you know how that makes me feel?”

“How do you think me feel William?”

“I honestly don’t know Hannibal.” He pulls himself up to sit on the kitchen counter. Looking over at Hannibal who has started to make coffee he sighs. “I’m sorry, I know this must be hard for you too. I just wish there was something we could do.”
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“I talked to her about what to do in this situation. If she follows what I suggested she should be alright. Do you want milk in you’re coffee?”

“No, I only drink milk in my coffee in the mornings. You could have said she talked to you.”

“I was ...concerned that you would be bothered by it. You don’t seem like you enjoy being left out of the loop.”

“I don’t, but if you are keeping secrets from me it’s for good reason right? Because you know my darkest secret.”

“It is for your good.”Will nods, downing his coffee. It was really good coffee… his eyes start feeling heavy. Blinking up at Hannibal he shakes his head. He starts to slide off the counter, Hannibal’s hands coming to get him, he wraps both his arms around him. Will lays his face in his neck breathing heavily as his mind starts to fade. “It is for your good I promise.”

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will woke up all he could see was the darkness of the room. He wasn't strapped down or anything and could move easily. He blinks confused, the memory of what happened coming to him slowly. He felt the anxiety start in his chest, breathing heavily. Remembering what had happened to him. Hannibal was the Chesapeake reaper. He felt like he was going to be sick. How long had he been out? Why hadn't Hannibal killed him? A small voice starts talking to him from the darkness.

It took him a few minutes of heavy breathing to focus in on the small voice. It was Mischa. He couldn't hear her. But the soft soothing voice made him calm down. Sitting up, he tries to see if he can tell anything that's going on in the room. It's total darkness, but he is obviously in a room. The bed he is on is soft, and the sheets are soft under his fingertips. He hears Mischa a few feet away, her voice was getting more panicked. He would do anything to understand what she was saying. The door opened, he heard a small click.

Jumping up, Will find his way to the nearest wall. He was going to fight him, he refused to be kept as a pet. That's all he could imagine why Hannibal would have kept him. He would rather die. If he got Abigail arrested if she spent the rest of her life in jail with no freedom. It was his fault, for not noticing sooner who Hannibal was. He would take Hannibal down with him.

"Will, calm down." Abigail's voice rang across the room. Confused, he does what she says. Freezing, and putting down his hands. Was she a ghost? She flicks on the light and walks in closing the door behind her. Will's watching her with wide eyes. "Sit down, I think this will take a while to explain." Mischa was standing next to her, staring up at her.

"What happened to Jack?" He sits down on the bed, her sitting next to him. He could still feel panic in the back of his throat. He had been half concerned she was a ghost until she touched the light. She looked ghostly pale anyway.

“That’s not the first question I expected. He was going to arrest me, Hannibal put up my bail. We left the country. Honestly Will, I would have been more curious about how you got here..” She was clenching her hands in her lap. Her hair looked soft. She looked healthy but stressed. She had been losing weight in the hospital, but he was sure some more time with Hannibal would fix that fact.

“I know he’s the Chesapeake Reaper Abigail. I'm more upset that he didn’t just ask me… Him drugging me is upsetting. But I was more worried about how he got you out of under Jacks' nose.” He was more worried about Abigail them himself. He wondered if that’s what father’s looked like.

“We are in hiding. We are in a small town in Mexico. He wants us to go deeper into South America.” She was frowning down at her lap as she went to the next spot. “You’ve been out for three days. He had you attached to IVs until about an hour again. If that helps so far. He had to keep you under, or he said he did..I don’t know Will. I just went with what he said. Because I was scared. He said you already knew about me being the killer too?”

“Yes. I’ll explain it more to you later. Can I see him? or Do I have to stay in here?” He knew he sent Abigail in first because he knew how hard it would before Will to be mad at her. But now he knew there was a long conversation that they needed to have. He was going to have to figure out all the lies Hannibal had told him. He hoped the ...affection they shared wasn’t a lie. He felt guilty, feeling affection for somebody who had lied and manipulated him.

“He’s probably listening at the door right now. But yeah, I’ll stay. Walk down the stairs, you’ll find him hiding in the kitchen.” She smiles at him, soft and shy. He stands up, leaning down to kiss her head. “Go on, don’t yell at him too much. You are probably the only person here who could hurt his feelings.”

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“Hannibal.” Hannibal was cutting some kind of food in the middle of the kitchen. Will wondered if he was cutting of anxiety. If he was even the kind of person who had anxiety. Did he have feelings? He freezes when Will speaks. Will’s sure that he heard him coming up though. Sighing, Will sits across from him on a barstool. “If you ever drug me again, I will kill you.”
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Hannibal stops cutting and looks up at him. His eyes are slightly shiny, but he smiles at him. Will shaking his head even before he started talking. He felt fond but also felt disbelief at the situation.

“I would enjoy nothing more Will. But yes, I understand that drugging you was wrong.”

“I never doubted you understood Hannibal. I am more worried about how you have been manipulating me. Were you listening at the door?” He leans over to grab a piece of the food Hannibal was working on.

“If you are asking if I know you, that you know that I am the Chesapeake Reaper than yes. I know. How long have you known?”

“I think since the beginning. I don’t know why I didn’t except it. I could see the ghosts from you’re killed in you’re office the first day.” Will stands up, walking around the counter to stand by Hannibal. Hannibal takes both of his hands and kisses them.

“I think about that day often when I first met you.” Will rolls his eyes.

“Are we safe? How long have you been planning this Dr. Lecter?”

“I wanted us to be a family, Will.”

Will rolls his eyes again but leans in to kiss him. He was angry at him. But he was slowly realizing the obvious control he had on Hannibal. He could imagine all of there futures together, and for the first time in his life, he didn’t feel alone. He heard a small girl giggle and felt comforted.

Maybe this wasn’t the worst thing that’s happened to him. But he was for sure going to get Hannibal back for drugging him. He was sure he could come up with something.

“Will you hurry up and cook? I’m starving. I haven’t eaten in three days, thanks to somebody.”

Chapter End Notes

Almost finished!
The epilogue is next!
I hope everybody has enjoyed this. This will be the first fanfic I have ever finished that wasn't a one-shot.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Cuba wasn't as bad as he thought it would be. It was hot but beautiful. The house that Hannibal had bought too many bedrooms, and a basement that was so soundproof you could kill somebody in it. That was tested out thoroughly. The people were nice, and Hannibal was charming as always. He could make friends with anybody, and it showed by the fact that all of their produce was the nicest in the area. To Will's amusement, Hannibal had gotten a sunburn in the first week, and Will got to spend the night spreading aloe vera on him.

The fishing was nice, and he got to do it whenever he wanted to. He missed the idea of ice-fishing, but he was sure he could convince Hannibal to take him somewhere cold. He might have to do it with his mouth, but it wasn't like that was a hardship.

Mischa had disappeared when they arrived, and two weeks later she still hasn't shown up. Hobbs was nowhere to be seen. Will wasn't sure if it was gone, or if he was just different. If he was just happy now. It's such a strange thing to be happy while pretending to be somebody else. Because legally, he was dead. Hannibal was missing, but they had no proof who he was. He was an interested person in Will's murder case. He had been the last person seen with him. But that wasn't enough for Jack to come overseas searching. They were free and probably would be for a long time.

He was happy, and he had a family for the first time in his life. He hadn't had nightmares the whole time they were there, and he felt like Hannibal thought it was because of him. Will rolls his eyes at the thought if anything would cause his nightmares it would be the man who drugged him. Who murdered people in his free time and would cook them to feed others.

Abigail was starting school soon, under the name Marie. She had learned Spanish quickly and was so fluent that you would have no idea she wasn't the Cuban girl she claimed to be. Hannibal spent his days gardening, which was also amusing Will. Such a scary man underneath it all, wearing loose pants and a cotton shirt glaring at his tomatoes that just wouldn't grow like he wanted them to.

"Maybe you aren't watering them right." Hannibal gave him a level death glare, and Will smirked at him. He was seated under a canopy, his chair nice and comfortable. Hannibal had brought him a lemonade, that when he took a sip he was impressed by how much vodka he had put in it. Hannibal did enjoy he drunk, probably because he wasn't allowed to drug him anymore. Will watches Hannibal as he bends over, watching the strength in his back and thighs, the loose pants giving him a nice view. "Abigail is out tonight right? With her boyfriend?" He wasn't sure if he could call the boy her boyfriend, but he followed her around like a puppy. He had come over for dinner the week before and spent the whole time making heart eyes at her. Will was sure if he pushed the line, Abigail wouldn't hesitate to deal with it.

Hannibal stops messing with his garden to turn and give him an amused look, he must have been able to smell his arousal from where he was. Will liked it when Hannibal worked with his hands, getting sweaty and smelling nice.

“She said she would be back in the morning. We have to go look for dorm things.” Hannibal smiles at him, knowing how much he spoiled Abigail annoyed him. He spoiled her, but he tried to make it healthy things like affection. Hannibal was all about spending money on her, and giving her whatever else she wanted. She was going to end up a brat, though that didn’t seem to bother Hannibal. “Why do you ask?”

“I think I’ll finish this drink first, and then we can spend the rest of the evening in bed.” They had a new rope, and it was more than enough to keep them busy for a few hours. He preferred Hannibal strapped to a bed, with a gag in his mouth anyway.

“I’ll finish up weeding than. Please let me know if you want another one” He turns back to his garden, returning Will’s view to him. He wondered if Hannibal knew he was the trophy husband. Good looking, tan, threw wonderful dinner parties.

“I always do”

Chapter End Notes

I can't believe I finished this! lol
Come hang out with me on twitter at @grantairesbiga1

I hope you enjoyed, and if you did please feel free to leave a comment. I would enjoy nothing more.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!